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A BIRD'S SONG.

Down in the tangled meadow
Beside the dusty way,
A wee, sweet bird is singing
Through all the long, bright day,
A song so short and simple,
It scarcely seems to be
Worth while to keep repeating
Its bit of melody.

And in the short lulls, only,
Of more pretentious song,
When momentary silence
Comes o'er the favored throng,
Floats on the air that cadence,
So tremulous and low,
That one must listen softly,
Or lose its gentle flow.

And yet the tiny singer
Keeps singing bravely on
Through changing sun and shadow,
Till the sweet day is done;
And if more favored songsters
Sing better far than he,
The love his song makes vocal
Will its perfection be.

Love Passages.

Cupid, I adore thee! There is a charm—Turn up your lip, old Sourcrout! we care not. We, the young, the gay, the healthy, the happy! Wisdom!—physic—no more! fling them both to the dogs, say I. Wisdom fiddlesticks! I am tired of it. What is it? a mourning dress!—water gruel!—a pair of goggles to the eyes of the ardent youth!—a lame fool!—a peddler's pack full of invaluable things, but then so heavy! Wisdom is a school-master, with a ferule and a frown, a broad-brimmed hat, and a voice that makes the ears ring. It is always hammering away at your ears and your conscience. You are circumscribed within narrow limits. You must not, for your life's sake, go out of bounds. You must not look at the sunshine, nor pluck the fruit, nor bathe in the stream, nor smell the opening flowers. This is wisdom. It makes avarice a habit and suspicion a duty. It checks the ardor of youth, extinguishes the fire of hope and saddens even the brightness of virtue. Who has it? The old, the wrinkled, the sick, the superannuated—they who have drained the dregs of pleasure? It is the lesson of rashness, bought by disappointment; and it teaches distrust, melancholy and despair.

Give me hope, joy, youth, love! And this brings me back to my subject.

Cupid—laughing, rosy, blooming boy! How the sweet mischief troubles men and women, beardless imp! gray beards, prudes, scholars, philosophers, statesmen; and as for poets, such as Frederick—Jove! it makes my heart ache. Poor Frederick! One of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject. I never mouth the matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast beef, and plum pudding. Now, I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultifying. Besides, no man fond of such stuff does, ever did, or can sit down to such a meal without running into excess. Then come custard, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise with a distended stomach and a heavy head, and stagger away with brutish apathy. I am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit—sweet, harmless things of nature. No lamb bleeds for me. No stately ox is slain that I may feast. Old mother earth supplies my slender appetites. The deep, deep spring, clear as crystal, the innocent vegetables, ethereal food. Thus I am light as air. I am keenly susceptible to every moral and natural beauty, which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are.

I differ from everybody in another thing. I believe in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of true love is intuitive; a glance and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype of which exists somewhere in reality, although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true. He wanders about the world, impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes, they are tender, but they touch not him. There are black, they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him into contact with a creature, he hears the tone of her voice, he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and—they fall in love.

It sometimes happens that for one model in the imagination of this man of genius, there are accidentally two or three prototypes in real life: or rather he has two or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in difficulties. They play the mischief with him.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know that it is no affair of his. If a school-boy have the organ of destructiveness, you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him. If a youth—But this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models Fred had; a great many, no doubt. He was a sad dog, a Don Juan, a sort of Giovanni in London, and he bid fair to be a Giovanni in—but that was his business. Oh, the sweet women! It is almost incredible. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him; to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances, which fell upon him—and of which you caught a few stray ones—though only by accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He had clusters of them. They all loved him, and he loved them all. His soul was as large as St. Peter's.

"What are you thinking of, Fred?' said I.

"Caroline," he answered.

"She who sailed yesterday for England?"

"Yes—I love her."

"And she?"

He arose and opened an escritoire.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay curled charmingly in a rose-colored envelope. It did look pretty. But—

"Has Caroline B—such light hair?" asked, I, I never knew—I always thought—was oly serving only yesterday that—surely, sureb, you have made some mistake—see, what is that written on the bottom of the paper? "Julia!"

Fred hastily looked again into the little pigeon-hole, and drew forth another rose-colored envelopes, another and another.

I smiled, So did he.

What a vile, narrow prejudice it is," said Fred.

"What?"

"The man who can love only once. I have loved twenty, fifty, nay, a hundred times. I always love some one. Sometimes two at a time, sometimes twenty."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not love! Love is sole, absorbing, pure, constant, immutable."

"Hark ye," said Fred, "I seldom cease to love. Adding another angel to the list does not infer the striking out of any of the others. There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them as I am when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here, when the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulders with a pleasing ardor, must I not feel the warmth when I stand in your garden yonder? It is the great principle—should the object of my early love die, must I be ever thereafter dead to the most exquisite of human passions? Death is only absence. I know twelve pretty women. They are better than men. Nature made them so. They are all different, all excellent, all divine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet, their hearts tender, their minds clear, and intelligent? No, I love them all—Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henriette, Eliza. I never think of them without sensations of delight."

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder, He looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

"The deuce!" said he. I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself—curtain lectures are not in my way. I have troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not come home to tea. I did not get up next morning to breakfast. So I could not know what was the result. Mrs. B. is one of the loveliest women I ever met. I believe I have two or three models myself. It is pleasant enough, but then—every rose has its thorns.

"Only think," said she to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheek crimsoned with shame, her heart palpitating with distress, "twelve! He loves twelve, he says."

"A whole jury!" said I.

"It is monstrous!" said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers?" said she.

"Tit for tat," said I.

"Or six," said she.

"Too good for him," said I taking her hand.

"Or three," said she.

"Or one," said I, drawing her towards me and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister and I always loved her. The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days, but was called back, by an anonymous note, at nine the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce. We hired the uniforms at the tailor's. "I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Henry to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!" Tears gushing from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol, and pointed it at his head. I wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the room sat Mrs. B—at her feet a richly-dressed young soldier who kissed her hand, received from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her—and left her with an ardent embrace.

"I am suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed. "See, there is another. How familiarly he seats himself by her side—takes her hand—"

"I shall strangle to death!"

"Patience!"

"Dearest colonel!" exclaimed Julia.

"The other was only the lieutenant," whispered John.

"I am blessed with too few such faithful friends as you."

I held Fred still with the grasp of a giant.

"That I love you I can not deny. A woman of soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters as she is when she stands in the sunshine. It is the great principle."

"Loveliest of thy sex," said her companion.

Fred burst forth levelling both pistols at the colonel. He pulled the triggers, but they did not go off. Pistols loaded with sawdust seldom do.

The colonel uttered a scream and fled.

"Madam!" said Fred, swelling with indignation, "have you anymore of these affectionate friends?"

"Only eight, my dear husband. Why, what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!"

"Hear me," said Mrs. B., solemnly.

"When we married, I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart to you. From you I expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties toward each other. Love must exist on both sides, or on neither. Whatever may be the opinions of a heartless world, a man of true genius and of true virtue makes his wife—"

"I am not to be preached to, traitress," said Fred. "I leave you now forever; but not till I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers, with their chapeaux off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unmilitary manner.

Fred soon discovered the truth and I read him his moral.

Husbands all, remember that wives have equal anguish and shame with yourselves in receiving a share of affection, though they do not possess your despotic power in extorting it. The slightest dereliction, even though only the carelessness of a moment on the part of a wife, stamps her forever with ignominy and pain; while the absurd customs of society allow to a man a greater latitude, in slighting, neglecting and deceiving her whose happiness is in his keeping. Of these customs, "the man of true genius" will never take advantage.

—Three Petaluma men were recently hunting on Piute Creek, Lake county, Cal., and killed thirty-two deer. They took 100 pounds of honey from a crevice in a cliff.

The Two Deacons.

Between eighty and ninety years ago there lived in Connecticut river valley two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt and the other Clark. The former, in early life, had been a man of strong will and somewhat hasty and violent temper. Sometimes he had been seen beating his oxen over their heads with the handle of his whip in a manner to excite the pity of the bystanders, and when expostulated with he excused himself by saying that he had the most fractious team in town. By and by an alteration took place in the temper of Farmer Hunt. He became mild, forbearing, and, what was most remarkable, his oxen seemed to improve in disposition at an equal pace with himself.

Farmer Hunt joined the church and was an exemplary man. His neighbors saw the change both in himself and his team. It was a marvel to the whole town. One of his townsmen asked for an explanation. Farmer Hunt said:

"I have found out a secret about my cattle. Formerly they were unmanageable. The more I whipped and clubbed them, the worse they acted. But now when they are unmanageable I go behind my load and sing 'Old Hundred,' and, strange as it may appear, no sooner have I ended than the oxen go along as quietly as I could wish. I don't know how it is, but they really seem to like singing."

In the course of a few years the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man living in the town went to Deacon Hunt and said:

"I've come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money, it's about all I can gather."

The Deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double his usual quantity for seed-corn the next year, and he had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit in vain. At last he said:

"Deacon, if you don't let me have the corn, I shall curse you."

"Curse me!" replied the deacon, "how dare you do so?"

"Because," says the man, "the Bible says so."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Deacon Hunt, "there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes, there is!" replied the poor man.

"Well," said the deacon, "if you can find any such text I'll give you a bushel of corn."

They went into the house, when the poor man went to the old family Bible; turning to Proverbs xi. 26, he read: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be as good as my word."

He took him to the corn-house, measured out a full bushel of corn, held the man to put it into his bag, assisted him to put it on his shoulders, and, just before his departure, being somewhat of a wag, he said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"I say, neighbor, after you have carried this corn home, go to Deacon Clark and curse him out of another bushel."

Almonds in California.

Almonds have been raised for years in California, and could, doubtless, be raised in other States with a mild climate if the attempt should be made with intelligence and persistency. It is strange that the almond is not more widely cultivated in this country, for it is a profitable crop, and we annually import large quantities from the Southern States of Europe. A native of the East and Africa especially of Barbary, the tree from twenty to thirty feet high, now grows completely wild throughout Southern Europe. In Northern Germany and Britain, it is planted for its beautiful flowers, produced most plentifully, and resembling those of the peach in form and color, but generally paler, sometimes even white. The flowers precede the leaves, and add much to shrubberies in March and April. Even when frosts kill the germ of the fruit the flower is not affected. The almond has numerous varieties, but the principal kinds known to commerce are the bitter and the sweet. Much as the latter is used for dessert, it contains very little nourishment, and of all nuts is one of the most difficult of digestion. The almond is pressed for oil, and employed variously in the household, the bitter containing less fixed oil than the sweet almond. The bitter almond is strongly narcotic, derived from the presence of hydrocyanic acid, and said to act as poison on dogs and some of the smaller animals. Its distilled water is very deleterious to man, and taken in a large dose, will cause almost instantaneous death.

Intelligence in Birds.

The Central Prison at Agra is the roosting-place of great numbers of the common blue pigeon; they fly out to the neighboring country for food every morning, and return in the evening; when they drink at a tank just outside the prison walls. In this tank are a large number of fresh-water turtles, which lie in wait for the pigeons, just under the surface of the water and at the edge of it. Any bird alighting to drink near one of these turtles, has a good chance of having its head bitten off and eaten; and the headless bodies of pigeons have been picked up near the water, showing the fate which has sometimes befallen the birds. The pigeons, however, are aware of the danger, and have hit on the following plan to escape it: A pigeon comes in from its long flight, and as it nears the tant, instead of flying down at once to the water's-edge, will cross the tank at about twenty feet above its surface, and then fly back to the side from which it came, apparently selecting for alighting a soft spot which it had remarked as it flew over the bank; but even when such a spot has been selected the bird will not alight at the edge of the water, but on the bank about a yard from the water, and will then run down quickly to the water, take two or three hurried gulps of it, and then fly off to repeat the same process at another part of the tank till its thirst is satisfied. I had often watched the birds doing this, and could not account for their strange mode of drinking, till told by my friend, the superintendent of the prison, of the turtles which lay in ambush for the pigeons.

It's easier to tie a knot in a bull's horn than to make your wife believe that every other night is a lodge night.

The Boatman's Daughter.

In the memorable year of 1814, when the allied armies were concentrated about Paris, a young Lieutenant of Dragoons was engaged with three or four Hungarians, who, after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching this unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pretty girl of 16? However, the old soldier—for such the boatman was—had no sooner seen the officer fall from his horse than he and his daughter rowed vigorously for the opposite side. Then, when they had deposited the wounded man in the boat these worthy people crossed the river again, but with faint hopes of reaching the military hospital in time.

"You have been hardly treated my boy," said the old gentleman to him "but here am I, who have gone farther still, and come home."

The silent and fixed attitude of Lieutenant S. showed the extreme agony of his pains; and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was flowing internally from the wound on his left side would soon terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter.

"Mary," he said, "you have heard me tell of my brother; he died of just such another wound as this here. Well, now, had there only been somebody by to suck the wound, his life would have been saved."

The boatman then landed, and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him carry the officer, leaving his daughter in charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferer for a second or two. What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply, not that he was resigning his life in the first flower of his age, but that he should die without a mother's kiss.

"My mother! my dear, dear mother!" said he, "I die without—"

Her woman's heart told her what he would have said. Her bosom heaved with sympathy, and her eyes ran over.

Then she remembered what her father had said; she thought how her uncle's life might have been saved. In an instant quicker than thought, she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips.

Amid this holy occupation the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat. Judge of her father's surprise, as he came up with the two soldiers, when he saw Lieut. S., whom he expected to find dead, open his eyes and ask for his deliverer.

The boatman looked at his child and saw it all. The poor girl came to him with her head bent down. She was about to excuse herself, when the father, embracing her with enthusiasm, raised her spirits, and the officer thanked her in these prophetic words:

"You have saved my life; it belongs to you."

After this she tended him and became his nurse; nothing would he take but from her hand. No wonder that with such a nurse he at lenght recovered. Mary was as pretty as she was good.

Meantime Master Cupid who is very busy in such cases, gave him another wound, and there was only one way to cure it—so very deep it was.

The boatman's daughter became Madame S.

Her husband rose to be a Lieutenant General, and the boatman's daughter became as elegant and graceful as any lady of the court of Louis Philippe.

A Wife's Devotion.

A rare example of constancy, courage and devotion combined has just been furnished by a brave young peasant woman, born and bred in a remote hamlet of the Vosges France. Marie Hagart, this heroine in humble life, bade adieu to her husband some months since, and saw him start for the great city of Paris in the hope of obtaining employment there. But almost upon his arrival in the capital he fell ill, and being without either funds or friends, was taken to the Hospital de la Pitie. The news of his illness reached the hamlet where his wife lived in course of time, and the latter, listening only to the promptings of her heart, determined to join her sick husband at once. She was utterly destitute. To travel by rail was therefore out of the question, so she started on foot with a baby in her arms, just two francs in her pocket, and a journey of one hundred and three leagues before her. Braving hardships of every description, sleeping by the roadside or in the fields, and living on what scraps of food she could obtain on the way, she passed onward, nothing daunted, for the city where her husband lay sick. She had lost her way several times, her clothing was in rags, her shoes were gone, but her courage remained undiminished, until recently, when, footsore and weary, she found herself at Chaertin, when she sank down in the streets overcome by her sufferings, exhausted from want of food, exclaiming faintly, "Mon Dieu! I can go no further. Mother and child were conveyed to the police station, revived, warmed and tended, after which the poor woman related, in a few simple words, her touching story, seemingly astonished that those who listened to her should have been moved to express admiration for her conduct. Kindly persons offered the young woman the assistance and shelter her forlorn position required, but her absorbing thought was to obtain news of the man for whom she had traveled so far. The police Commissary undertook to satisfy her on this point, and a few hours later she learned that he whom she had walked so many leagues to see had expired in the hospital ward twenty-four hours before her arrival.

Chrome Tanned Leather.

There are, or have lately been, on exhibition in Glasgow, Scotland, samples of leather prepared with chrome, and without the use of any tannin whatever. It is claimed that the chrome process, invented and patented by a Dr. Heinzerling, is not only cheaper and more expeditious than the usual methods of tanning, but that it produces a leather "stronger, more durable, more pliant, and less pervious to moisture." The chrome-tanned leather exhibited was made into belting, harness, boots, and other articles; and it may be well to suggest that our leather manufacturers should scrutinize what may be learned regarding the result, and if the report is favorable it will go hard with our inventors but they will better the improvement.

Where it Was Hot.

Speaking of hot weather," said the oldest inhabitant, as he unbuttoned his ulster and laid his plush cap on the table, "I don't regard it as even pleasantly warm; I've been out in the sun all day trying to get some heat into my system, and I tell you gentlemen, in confidence, I'm a bit chilly yet."

"Ever seen it any warmer at this season of the year?" asked the reporter.

Wunst. I seen it in the spring of 1814 so hot that you'd think this weather was an ice box. I was building a telegraph line in South America, and what do you think we used for poles?"

"Iron perhaps."

"Iron? Iron wouldn't stand a minute. Why, the works in my watch melted and ran down my leg, and it felt cool, too, 'cause it was liquid. No, sir, iron wasn't no more use than ice. We couldn't use wood 'cause it caught fire as soon as exposed, so we used salt. We just squirted a stream of salt water straight up through a six inch nozzle. The heat evaporated the salt water and left a fust class column of salt. Then we made it the right length by cutting it off sufficiently at the bottom."

"But how would you run the wire?

"Didn't; we jist pinted it the way we wanted it to go from the top of a hill, and the expasnion run it right along from column to column. That's what I call warm weather, that is."

"How fast did the wire seem to go?"

"About eighty miles an hour. We built seven hundred miles of telegraph in one afternoon."

"How did you keep up with it? How could you keep a head and get your salt columns up fast enough?"

"Well, sir that was the simplest contrivance ever was. We had two parallel bars of railroad iron and a wagon that just fit the bars. We riveted a cross-piece to the fur'ard ones, and fastened the wagon to it. Them bands expanded lengthways at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, and carried the wagon right along in its own tracks. We could head off the wire, get up a pole, hitch on a wire and ketch up with the end in no time. I'm sayin', gentlemen, it was hot in that vicinity."

But the men couldn't climb one of these columns?

"Of course they couldn't—wouldn't hold 'em."

"How did they take the half hitch around the insulator? Did you squirt them with the stem?"

"Not we. You can't squirt a man up that way; besides the water was bilin' hot. We had four thousand tons of quicksilver, and we put a little on the ground under a man, and it'd raise a man to the top of one of them poles at the rate of a thousand miles a second. That's what I call hot. Now, I'm just shriverin."

"You must have gauged the quantity of mercury pretty close to stop in the right place?"

"Oh! we got it after a while. The first five men went up five or six hundred miles, and one of them had to wait until the following winter to get back. We sent him grub and things by the quicksilver communication until he was froze down, and we paid him double wages while he was gone."

'Didn't the wire melt?"

"Melt, of course it did."

"Then the line didn't stay up.

Deed it did, and that's just what made it stay up. You know heat rises. Now when we took hitches around the insulators, we left the wires slack so when it melted it arched up instead of bellyin' down, and it couldn't fall any mor'n a bridge. The funniest thing in the whole business was that when we got through we had a railroad, them bars of iron made a smashin' good road—for summer travel."

"Not for winter, too?"

"Wasn't worth a nickel for winter. When cool weather came on they contracted so there wasn't mor'n a yard and a half of the road left."

"Didn't the telegraph wire contract too?"

"Some but not much. It tightened a good deal, but stayed where it was."

"Didn't it break?"

"Couldn't. That wire was melted. You can't break a stream of water, and that wire was liquid."

"Look here old man," objected the reporter, if the winter was cold enough to contract the railroad it was cold enough to freeze the wire solid."

"Why didn't it do it then? Look here, young man, you want to speculate. Now I got nothin' to do with speculations, I deal in facts," and the oldest inhabitant buttoned up his ulster, adjusted his plush cap and walked off in disgust.

Central Asia.

Central Asia, properly so called, owns a much larger territory than that to which the words usually apply. In the larger sense, it would include the whole of Turkestan, Eastern as well as Western, and some portions of the surrounding country. Usually, however, it is now applied only to Western Turkestan, or as it is sometimes called, Great Bucharia. This territory is bounded on the west by the shores of the Caspian, and on the east by the Chinese frontier, on the north by the widespread limit of the Russian empire, and on the south by Afghanistan and Persia. The area thus covered is probably not much short of a million of square miles. It is a vast expanse of deserts, interspersed with oasis, and with two great rivers flowing in nearly parallel northwesterly courses until they fall into the Sea of Aral, which is a conspicuous feature of the region. These two rivers, the Amoo Darya and the Sir Darya—the Oxus and Jaxartes of the ancients—have their sources in the high table land which separates Eastern and Western Turkestan. In the first part of their course, and as they leave the highlands in their rear, the adjoining country is well watered, and on the fertile plains have grown up some prosperous cities. On the Jaxartes stand Chimkent, Tashken, and Khojend; while along the line of the Oxus, but mostly to the south, and between the river and the Hindoo Koosh, are Kunduz, Balkh, and other towns, once the seats of wealth and civilization. In the lower part of their course these rivers run in nearly parallel courses through arid deserts. The great Kizzil Kum desert about 250 miles broad, lies between them; the Kura Kum, another vast desert, extends southward from the Oxus, while the whole region west of the delta of the Oxus and between the Aral and the Caspian is also a waste wilderness. There is another river, the Zerafshan, which descends from a glacier in the mountains a little to the south of the point at which the Jaxartes enters the plains. This central river flows due westward for some two hundred miles, meandering, in many branches, forming the oasis of Bokhara and scattering fertility all around, until finally its waters are swallowed up by the sand. Originally the whole of this territory must have been covered by vast inland seas, of which the Aral and the Caspian are the relics. In those early days the Oxus, the Jaxartes, the Zerafshan would fall into the sea as soon as they left the mountain region. Now that the sea has dried up, the courses of the rivers have been prolonged, the Jaxaites running solid into the sea of Aral, the Oxus breaking and spreading into numerous streams some two hundred miles before its waters reach the sea, thus making the oasis of Khiva; and the Zerafshan watering and rendering fertile the greater portion of the state of Bokhara, in the upper or eastern portion of which stands the grand old city of Samarcand, the capital of the famous Timour. It deserves to be mentioned here that in ancient times the Oxus carried its waters into the Caspian sea, and not as now into the Aral. In those days a narrow zone of fertility, following its course, extended from Khiza to the Caspian. Some hundreds of years ago, however, the Kivans intercepted the current of the river and turned it southward to the Aral. Its old bed can still be traced, and the immediately adjoining country, marked by ruins of ancient settlements, is a perfect desert. The Aral lies parallel with the northern part of the Caspian, and to the south of the Aral lies the oasis of Khiva. West of the lake and of the oasis and on the Caspian the country is desert. The whole country to the south of the Caspian, round by the south of Khiva, and up the southern bank of the Oxus as far as Balkh, is also desert. In the eastern open of this desert there is a small oasis on which stands the city of Merv—a place which, for some time past, has been commandidg some attention. Such is the external aspect presented by this region. The whole territory was divided into khanates, of which those of Bokhara, Khiva and Khokand were the most important.

Books Bound in Metal.

Among the handicrafts which illustrate the conditions of the arts at various periods few are more important than book-binding. A collection of typical specimens of French binding, from the time of Eve through that of Le Gascan, Derome and Bozerian, to the day of Trautz-Bauzonnet, would offer a short history of French decorative taste. A less systematic and already partly scattered, but still interesting collections of bindings in silver and other metals is exhibited. The remnants of the collection includes many quaint European examples. No. 19 in the catalogue is a modern Russian service book cover in silver and enamel, exceedingly modern and excessively debased. Contrast ninety-four, a binding in solid silver repousse, with figures of women and children, the style wonderfully free and large. This is an admirable German work of the seventeenth century. A strange piece of old Russian embroidery, set with pearls, is 129—the figures of the dead Christ and the women are not unlike the manner of Margheritone d'Arezzo. The piece is of the fifteenth century, at which date Russia was entertaining several Italian artists. A Koran case of enameled silver (sixty-four) is studded with reds and greens of a pleasant Oriental tone. A truly French piece is the binding of a book of "*exercice spirituel*," embroidered and painted on silk, with the effigy of a pretty girl's face. There are also some odd old "Guild-books," and bits of Dutch and French enamel, specimens of a style of binding which has become as extinct as the dodo.

Fight Between a Dog and Donkey.

A singular encounter between a dog and a donkey was that which occurred in Blackpool, England. A retired gentleman, named Weddington, owned a fine young donkey and a splendid mastiff. One sunny day the donkey was grazing in a field, when the dog rushed at it in a ferocious manner and fastened on to its nose. The donkey did not decline the challenge, for it at once shook the dog off, bit it about the head and shoulders, trampled on it, and tossed it about. The dog again seized the donkey, and a crowd soon gathered, but all efforts to separate the combatants were of no avail. The dog repeatedly fastened on the donkey's nose. Blood flowed profusely from both animals, and at the end of half an hour the owner appeared upon the scene and fresh attempts were made to part them, but without success. After the fight had lasted half an hour, the the owner decided to have the dog shot, as it had by that time fastened with a firm hold on the donkey's nose. A gun was procured and the services of a good shot obtained. But so savage was the fight that it was difficult to shoot one animal without killing the other also. At last aim was taken, and a bullet put into the dog's head, and it dropped to the ground. When the smoke cleared away the dog was dead, but the infuriated donkey had returned to the charge kicking, biting and tramping on the dog. It was with great difficulty the donkey was at last driven off.

A Sea of Fire.

Among the petroleum springs of Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian, now beginning to be known as they deserve, is one communicating with the sea which produces at times a very striking phenomenon. The floating oil that covers the surface for many acres round is frequently ignited by accident, turning the smooth water into a veritable lake of fire. The most famous of these conflagrations, to which the superstition of the natives gives the name of "Shaitann Noor," (Devil's Light) occurred in the autumn of 1872. It broke out in the middle of the night, and was declared by a Russian naval officer, who witnessed it from the deck of a gunboat, to be the most striking spectacle he had ever seen. The sheet of flame waved to and fro in the wind like a flag, lighting up the shore for miles, and making every point and rock clear as midday. Far as the eye could reach the smooth water was all one red blaze, and the deep crimson glow which it threw into the sky was visible to the inhabitants of several island districts far out of sight of the sea itself.

LITTLE Johnny—"Mamma, can I give Carlo this lump of sugar?" "No, my child, it spoils the teeth; eat it yourself."

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6., '81.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	35 00
1 column,..	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. Samuel Smith and Rev. W. H. Hartman, Preachers.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. J. Benson Akers, Preacher-in-charge.

Quarterly meeting in Millheim, next Sabbath. Rev. S. C. Swallow, Presiding Elder, is expected present.

Sunday School at 1½ P. M.—Dav. Kimport, supt

Reformed.

Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Pastor.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning, German.

United Brethren.

Rev. L. M. Gates, Preacher-in-charge.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—German preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning, and in Millheim in the evening, English.

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—F. D. Luse, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 355, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
A. O. DEININGER, Sec. R. A. BUMILLER, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.,

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec., F. HABER, Pres't.

Official Directory

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Mondays of January, April, August and November.

President Judge—Hon. Chas. A. Mayer, Lock Haven.
Additional Law Judge—Hon. John H. Orvis, Bellefonte.
Associate Judges—Hons. Samuel Frank, John Diven.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper.
Register of Wills and Clerk of O. C.—W. E. Burchfield.
Recorder of Deeds, &c.—William A. Tobias.
District Attorney—David F. Fortney.
Sheriff—John Spangler.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick.
County Surveyor—Joseph Devling.
Coroner—Dr. Joseph Adams.
County Commissioners—Andrew Gregg, George Swab, Jacob Dunkle.
Clerk to County Commissioners—Henry Beck.
Attorney to County Commissioners—C. M. Bower.
Janitor of the Court House—Bartrim Galbraith.
County Auditors—James T. Stewart, George R. Williams, Thomas B. Jamison.
Jury Commissioners—John Shannon, David W. Kline.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Prof. Henry Meyer.

THE ANSWER OF THE SOLID SOUTH.

Memphis Daily Appeal.

Devotion to their material interests and personal welfare, the strict maintenance of the credit of their municipalities and states, the rapid settlement of vacant lands, the extension of their railroad system, the growth of their commercial centres and the generous encouragement and enlargement of their public school system, will be the best answer the "solid South" can make to the gross libels that have won for the Republican party a fresh lease of power. For this the South is solid, and believing, still that the supremacy of Democratic principles is essential to the maintenance of the government and the happiness and prosperity of all the people of the Union, it will continue to be solid, and to vote solidly for that party so long as it exists. We say this in no sectional spirit. We are opposed to sectionalism, and deplore its existence at the North, but the Republican party, always sectional, to whose animosities and persecutions the "solid South" is due, taking up the reins of government once more in the repressive spirit of 1865, compels the South to look to the Democratic party as the only channel of political safety, and to rely upon it for the blessings of honestly administered state governments. Remembering the lessons of the past, the South will remain Democratic.

South Carolina has four Democratic colored members in her state legislature. But how many colored members have the Republicans in the Pennsylvania Legislature, or in any northern legislative body? Not one; and yet it is by the colored vote that the Republicans carry almost every northern state. The "culled bredren" are good voting material but when it comes to enjoying office, why that is a different thing altogether. Of course it is.

THE PHILADELHIA TIMES

The Times for 1881.

THE TIMES will enter the New Year with a larger circle of regular readers than it had at any previous period of its history, and the important events of the next year must steadily enlarge the field of independent journalism.

A new administration will be inaugurated; new political occasions will create new political duties; the great commercial and industrial prosperity of the country must stimulate progress and thrift in all sections, and the tendency of political power will be toward corruption and despotism, as it ever is when the people are diverted from the stern criticism of authority by peace and plenty.

THE TIMES will be in the future, as it has been in the past, absolutely independent of political parties, but earnestly and fearlessly devoted to integrity and patriotism in our statesmanship and to the freedom and sanctity of the ballot. Dependent party organs will continue to babble about party men and party measures; to excuse the public jobber and the demagogue; to suppress, pervert or deny the truth when party interests demand it, and to lavish the regulation praise of the servant to the master; but the growing intelligence of the age daily multiplies the readers of the independent newspaper, and the journals which best reflect the rapidly increasing independence of the people will be the great American journals of the future.

THE TIMES aims to reach the highest standard of the independent newspaper. It fearlessly opposes corruptionists and rings in all parties, whether in city, State or nation. It opposes every form of imperial political domination, whether represented by an individual, by a faction or by a party. It opposes sectionalism North and South as the demon of the Republic, and it demands public tranquility and the supremacy of liberty and law for every citizen of the Union.

THE TIMES will begin the New Year strengthened in all of its already exceptionally strong departments. Its Annals of the War will be continued in the WEEKLY EDITION, with specially interesting extracts therefrom in the other editions, and the contributors for 1881 to this important feature of the paper will be from the most distinguished soldiers and civilians of both North and South. Its large list of contributors in this and in foreign countries will be more than maintained; its reliable news correspondence is unsurpassed by that of any other journal of the country; its various departments essential to a complete newspaper for the home and family circle are constantly enlivened by fresh writers, and it will maintain the position it has won solely on its merits, as one of the most reliable and complete newspapers of the world.

TERMS: DAILY—delivered by carriers, for twelve cents a week; mail subscription, six dollars a year, or fifty cents a month, postage free. SUNDAY EDITION—Double sheet, two dollars a year, postage free; single copies, four cents. WEEKLY—Published every Saturday morning, two dollars a year; five copies $8; ten copies, $15; twenty copies, $25. An extra copy sent free to the getter-up of a club.

Address THE TIMES,
TIMES BUILDING, Philadelphia.

SENATOR WALLACE ON THE DEMOCRATIC MISSION.

From the Northamerican Review.

The mission of the Democratic party is decentralization. Its duty is to restore the government of the Republic to the intelligent rule of the masses of the people. Dominated labor must be taught its rights and its interests. Capital must see its safety in the intelligence and justice of individual rule, and not in the exercise of arbitrary will. Honest performance of every governmental contract now in existence, but a change of policy by which the debt shall be managed in the interest of the people and not of the creditor; equal taxation on every form of property; through inquiry into taxation for revenue, and its readjustment upon a basis just to every interest and to all the people; no monopolies; forfeiture of the franchises of corporations and punishment of aggregated wealth or individuals, for coercion of employes or the use of money in elections, our own carrying trade made to be our own preserve, and a divorce between government and banks are thoughts which find place. The cry of a solid South is exhausted and impotent at last. It has served its purpose. Divided councils upon questions of administration have kept the Democracy a mere party of opposition and concealed the silent approaches of the enemy to strong government. It will continue to be a party in opposition, untrusted and untried, until it defiantly asserts its ancient theories and goes to the people for their vindication.

By the latest returns received, it appears that the population of the United States in June last was something over 51,000,000. This is two millions more than was expected when the first returns—mostly from cities—were published. It is gratifying, of course, that the returns from rural regions show greater gains than were anticipated, and those from cities less. The unexpected increase in the Southern States was what disturbed the calculations originally made. By the way the third report from South Carolina, made just now by those who in response to Radical clamor, were recently sent there to inquire into the earliest report, shows that the population is greater than the official report gave it. The same is true doubtless, of all the Southern States, for the reason that the population in those States is more difficult to enumerate than any other.

Ex-Gov. Sprague has commenced a "cross" suit for divorce from his wife, Mrs. Kate Sprague, and it is thought that a sea of scandal will be developed involving the proud and lordly Senator Conkling, of New York. Let decent people stand from under.

AN EX-GOVERNOR COMMITS A MURDER. Ex-Gov. Scott, the first of the carpet-bag Governors of South Carolina, has been committed to jail at Defiance, Ohio, for shooting and killing a young man who had given harbor to his drunken son, whom he was searching, for. Great excitement followed the commission of the act and Scott narrowly escaped lynching. The military were called out to assist in restoring order. The Philadelphia *Record* says that as Governor of South Carolina Scott "probably got away with more money than any of his predecessors," and that "some speculative minds will find a suggestive fatality in the misfortunes of the whole line of political spoilsmen in the South. The greater number of them have been made acquainted with grief."

Ex-Governor Scott's Victim:

NAPOLEON, Ohio, Dec. 27.—It has been learned that Walter G. Drury, the clerk, who was shot and killed by Ex-Governor Scott on Saturday morning, was to have gone to Pittsburg in a few days to marry Miss Luckey, daughter of Prof. Luckey, Superintendent of Public Schools of that city. She is a teacher in the High School. When informed of her lover's violent death she swooned away, and is said to have remained insensible for several hours. Drury was a Mason, and after the post-mortem examination that fraternity took charge of the body, arrayed it in the suit which was to have been his wedding dress and sent him to Elmore, Ohio, his former home, where he will be buried on Tuesday.

Henry W. Oliver, a wealthy iron manufacturer of Pittsburg, is now the chosen Cameron ring-machine candidate for U. S. Senator, vice Mr. Wallace, whose term expires on the 4th of March next. It is not claimed that Mr. Oliver has any special fitness for the high office, excepting his richess but that of course is a primary qualification for position in the Republican party as matters now run. Another reason why Mr. Oliver has been selected is because Don don't want a colleague smarter than himself. He has felt humiliated all along at the side of the able and brilliant Wallace.

If the Republican party in the state had a say in the matter Ex-Speaker Grow would be triumphantly elected, and he would at least be a creditable successor to Senator Wallace. But Don runs the machine and appoints whom he pleases, without the slightest regard to the wishes of the party or people. That's just the size of it.

Lynched for Murder.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., December 27.—Jacob Gogel and his wife Anna, an aged couple, residing at Santee's mill, four miles from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, were found dead in their bed this morning. Their heads were nearly severed from their bodies, and a bloody axe was found in the apartment. The walls were splashed with blood, and altogether the room presented a shocking sight.

Joseph Snyder, who boarded with the Gogel's, was believed to be the murderer. He was caught by an infuriated mob of neighbors soon after the discovery of the crime and hanged to the nearest tree. Gogel was a day laborer, about forty years of age, and leaves three children. The motive of the double murder is unknown.

A Later Dispatch.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., December 27.—Joseph Snyder, aged twenty-four years, the murderer of Jacob and Anna Gogel, near Bethlehem, was found in a neighboring barn under the straw at 9 o'clock this morning. He was immediately taken back to the house of his victims and questioned as to the murder. He was interrogated by Rev. Brendle, of Bethlehem, and at once confessed having committed the crime, telling the story with great deliberation. He was in love with the eldest daughter of Gogle aged sixteen, but was opposed by her parents. He believed by killing them all the opposition would be removed to his suit. He had scarcely confessed before a rope taken from one of the beds was placed around his neck and he was dragged outside of the house and hung to a large chestnut tree. After being suspended twenty minutes the body was cut down by the poor house authorities and taken to that place where it was found that death was caused by strangulation. The officers of the law made vain endeavors to restrain the fury of the mob. Detective Yohe, of Bethlehem, firing at one of the ring leaders without effect. Several thousand people visited the scene of the tragedy during the day and the excitement is intense.

After the Lynching.

EASTON, December, 28.—Country people for miles around visited the scene of the double crime to-day, and pieces of the bed-cord by which Snyder was hanged are in great demand. A piece of the rope two or three inches long will sell readily for a dollar, and those persons who secured a few feet of the cord when the body was cut down have made considerable money by retailing bits of it to the visitors. The rope was originally about forty feet long, but an hour after the hanging its length was reduced to twenty feet, and when the inquest was concluded several feet more had been cut off. The limb of the tree over which the rope was pulled is also being whittled off and carried away by relic-hunters, many of whom superstitiously suppose it and the rope possess wonderful curative powers in cases of chronic diseases. A sister of the murdered man has charge of the house lately occupied by the Gogels, but the furniture will be removed in a day or so, and, if possible, homes will be found in the neighborhood for the four orphan children. George Desh, George Baer, Dr. Deitweiler, John Mack, Christian Mischweiler, John Myers, Joseph Marks and Peter Olmstead are said to be the leading spirits in the lynching, and it is supposed that if the guilty parties are arrested those named will be among the first to suffer. Desh is the man who told Snyder to say his prayers, and was one of the first to grasp the rope, Deitweiler adjusted the noose properly around Snyder's neck and Mack is the man who passed the rope over the limb and then decended to assist in hauling the doomed man up.

A NEW TREATMENT.

The Golden Elixir of Life. Wonderful Cures.

If you have Consumption, and would know that your cough can be made loose and easy—Hectic Fever and Night Sweats checked in 24 hours; Inflammation taken out of the lungs and air passages at once; that you can be made to gain 3 to 5 pounds of healthy flesh per week; if you have any Chronic Disease, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Sick Hesdache, Heart Disease, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness or Spermatorrhoea, loss of sexual power in either sex from any cause; if you have any form of nervous weakness, losing flesh or wasting away, and would know of an immediate relief and certain cure for many of the severest cases in a short time, a new method with new agents to fatten every body, invigorate and make strong and healthy the most hopeless cases, cut this out and write at once for particulars to B. S. DISPENSARY, Berrien Springs, Mich.
1y

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The subscribers hereby give notice that they have dissolved partnership in the grain business at Coburn Station, the dissolution taking effect from and after Jan. 1st, 1881.
G. W. STOVER,
3t P. H. STOVER.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.—Will be sold at public sale on the premises in Miles Township near Stover's place. On Friday Jan. 21st, 1881.
All that certain tract or piece of ground, bounded by lands of Jeremiah Haines Geo. Wohlfert and others. Containing sixty acres more or less about twenty acres cleared, the balance in timber. Thereon erected a dwelling house and other out buildings.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day when terms will be made known by
J. H. REIFSNYDER,
Assignee of Geo. Fiedler.

ESTRAY.—Came to the residence of the subscriber about two miles east of Rebersburg, on or about the last of Sept. 1880, a red heifer, white along the belly, white spots at head and a cut in right ear. No other marks. The owner is requested to pay expenses and take the same away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.
Dec. 9th, 2m. WM. KREAMER.

TRY
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Suit your
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First Class in all respects.

This is the place for the business man, the farmer, the mechanic.

Omnibus to all trains.
W. R. PELER, Proprietor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, Nov 27th, 1880, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia	11 55 p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 25 a. m.
"	" Williamsport	8 40 a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore.	9 09 a. m.
"	" Lock Haven-	9 40 a. m.
"	" Renovo	11 05 a. m
"	arr. at Erie	7 45 p. m.
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	9 00 a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	12 15 p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	3 15 p. m.
"	" Lock Haven.	4 20 p. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia	12 20 p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 00 p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 55 p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	9 10 p. m.
	EASTWARD.	
PACIFIC EXP.	leaves Lock Haven..	7 05 a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore..	7 37 a. m.
"	" Williamsport .	8 20 a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg ...	12 05 p. m.
"	" Philadelphia.	3 45 p. m.
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Lock Haven..	11 25 a. m.
"	" Williamsport	12 25 p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg ..	3 40 p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	6 35 p. m.
ERIE MAIL	leaves .Renovo	9 00 p. m
"	" Lock Haven	10 10 p. m.
"	" Williamsport	11 30 p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 00 a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 05 a. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Williamsport	12 15 a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 15 a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 05 a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.
Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.
Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.
Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.
WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

	WESTWARD.		
	1.	3.	5.
LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		
	EASTWARD.		
	2.	4.	6.
LEAVE	A. M.	A. M.	P. M
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.
Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.
Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.
An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.
The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

DOMESTIC
IT STANDS at THE HEAD
SO LIGHT A Child can Run It.
SO SIMPLE It Requires No Care.
SO STRONG It Never Wears Out.
DOMESTIC

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1888 LADIES' POLONAISE. 9 Sizes. 30 to 46 Inches. Bust Measure. Price, 35 Cents.

They are especially designed to meet the requirements of those who desire to dress well. They are unsurpassed in Style, perfect in Fit, and so simple that they are readily understood by the most inexperienced. Send 5c. for catalogue. Address,

"Domestic" Fashion Co.,
NEW YORK.

1880-1. 1880-1.

The Patriot, Daily and Weekly, for the Ensuing Year.

The subscription price of the WEEKLY PATRIOT has been reduced to $1,00 per copy per annum.
To clubs of FIFTY and upwards the WEEKLY PATRIOT will be furnished at the extraordinarily cheap rate of 75 cents per copy per annum.
The DAILY PATRIOT will be sent to any address, during the sessions at Congress and the Legislature at the rate of 50 cents per month.
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Now is the time to subscribe. The approaching sessions of congress and the legislature will be of more than ordinary interest and their proceedings will be fully reported for the Daily and a complete synopsis of them will be given in the Weekly. Address
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BELLEFONTE PA.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BARGAINS.

AT
THE BEE HIVE
ONE PRICE STORE.

We are now opening and displaying the Largest best and cheapest stock of goods ever offered in Centre county comprising a full line of
DRY GOODS, CARPETS, NOTIONS
YARNS, BOOTS & SHOES.
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
Clothing Made to Order a Speciality.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

The pubic are cordiallay invited to call and examine our stock. Remember the place
ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.
Respectfully Yours,
BAULAND & NEWMAN

Our Motto is: One price, the best goods, and no misrepresentation.

Great Peremtory
SALE
OF
DRY GOODS AT COST.

F. J. TROXELL,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Agent for the closing out sale of a large and desirable assortment of
Ladies' Dress Goods, Notions, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Shawls,
square & long Shawls, Broche, Paisley, and Black Cashmere Shawls, all wool &
SKIRTS, CLOTHS,
Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Suitings,
Red, white and plaid Flannels, Linsey, Bleached and Unbleached as well as colored COTTON FLANNELS, DOMESTIC GOODS, Muslins, Sheetings, Table Linens, Towlings, &c.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!
Tapestry, Brussels, all wool extra super Ingrain Carpets, also a fine assortment and the most beautiful designs in cheap carpets, besides Hall and Stair Carpet to match. Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Window Shading and Curtin fixtures. Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon and Wool taken in exchange for goods. If you desire bargains don't forget the place,
Corner of Maine and Vesper Streets, Lock Haven, Penna.

KAMPS

THE BOOT & SHOE MAN
OF
LOCK HAVEN.

I have a very large stock of
BOOTS, SHOES,
Slippers & Ladies
WALKING SHOES,
just opened up for Spring and Summer wear. My stock is as cheap as it was a year ago, because I bought it for cash before the advance, I am the only shoe dealer in Lock Haven that buys for cash & pays no rent wherefore I can sell you a better article for the same money than any dealer in the city. Give me a call and you will be convinced that your place to buy is

KAMP'S

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

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RHEUMATISM & NEURALGIA.
NEW REMEDY. SURE CURE.
RHEUMATISM,
Which renders life a burden and finally destroys it, is permanently cured by this remedy. Stiff and swollen joints are restored to their natural condition.
NEURALGIA.
A single application gives relief. Cases of the *longest standing* are permanently cured by a single bottle.
CURES GUARANTEED
in every case. Money refunded to any one not relieved after a fair trial. For sale by all first class druggists.
PRICE 50 CENTS.
RHEUMATIC REMEDY CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Send for statement of cures.

PENSIONS procured for all soldiers disabled in the U. S. service from any cause, also for heirs of deceased soldiers. The slightest disability entitles to pension. PENSIONS INCREASED. The laws being more liberal now, thousands are entitled to higher rates. Bounty and new discharges procured. Those who are in doubt as to whether entitled to anything should send two 3 cent stamps for our "circular of information."
Address, with stamps, Stoddart & Co. Solicitors of Claims and Patents. Room 8, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C.
28-3m STODDART & CO

GILMORE & CO.,
LAW & COLLECTION HOUSE,
629 F Street, Washington, D. C.
Make Collections, Negotiate Loans and attend to all business confided to them. LAND SCRIP, Soldier's Additional Homestead Right, and LAND WARRANTS bought and sold.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6., '81.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

"Landslide from the New Cash Store."

We can sell you goods 20 per cent cheaper than you can buy them in Penns Valley. "Overdrawn? "No sir, not up to truth by oceans. In every day-life you find shipwrecks, who, if they have to fight the battler over again, would fight and conq ue under that excelsior Banner upon whose silken folds were printed in ineffaceable letters of gold, "that, silent, solid, omnipotent monosylable, "Cash," the secret of our low prices. We submit our prices below, and all we ask is a comparison with old time prices."

We do not imitate in prices but lead prices to beat solid facts."

Roasted coffee	19 cents.
Green "	16 "
Essence "	2¼ "
Corn Starch	9 "
Best white sugar	10 "
Good brown sugar	8 "
Rice	9 "
Ironstone china Teas	50 "
Common " "	15 "
Goblets	05 "
Turkey Red Hank'lief	10 "
Roller Suspenders	25 "
Fire Shovels	05 "
Barkers Horse Powder	15 "
Good Syraps	40 c gal
Prishmuth Smoking Tob. original	09 "
Appleton A Muslin	07½ "
Bleached "	05 to 09 "
Dress Goods	05 "
Black Cashmere	50 "
Men's Hats	75 "
Boy's "	40 "
Men's Cardigan Jackets (lined)	1 00 "
" Gum Coats	2 90 "
" Kip Boots	2 00 "
Clares O. N. T. Machine thread	05 c or 58 " doz
12 dozen shirt buttons	05 "
14 Rows Pins	05 "
Good Over Alls	45 "
Suit Underwear, Shirt, Drawers	60 "
School Crayon	17 "
1 qt Harrisons W. Fluid	25 "
Ladies Felt Skirts	65 "

Large assortment of Ladies Coats, and Mens Gum Boots, lower than the lowest.

The New Cash Store,
Penn Street, Millheim, Pa.

—The best coal oil in town for 16 cts a gallon at the New Cash Store.

—The Millheim B. & L. Association will meet next Monday evening. If you want cheap money be on hand.

—Mr. P. H. Musser now has a 'berth in Sturgis Jewelry Store. He is going to learn the business.

—Good green coffee for 14 cts. at Spigelmyer's New Cash Store on Penn Street.

—Henry K. Luse and family have removed to New Berlin, the other week, where they expect to make their home for the present.

—The Job work done in the Journal Office will compare well with any work done elsewhere and the prices are remarkably low. Give us a call.

The Comptroller of the Currency has declared a ninth dividend of ten per cent. for the creditors of the Lock Haven National Bank, of Lock Haven, Pa.

—Cold, did you say? Why yes—the thermometer, that is the quicksilver in it, was away down to 24 degrees below nothing, on last Friday morning. You bet it was cold.

—You Bet that business is booming at the Philadelphia Branch Clothing Store in Bellefonte. Good stock and low prices do the business—"*And don't you forget it.*"

—Jacob & Elias Snook, Administrators of Levi Snook, deceased, will offer a valuable farm situated in the east end of Nittany Valley, at public sale on the premises, Jan. 27th next. See bills.

—The Forks House, one of the best hotel stands in this section of the country, situate at Coburn Station on the Lewisburg & Tyrone rail road, is for sale. For particulars apply to
tf G. W. Stover.

—A celebrated preacher makes the recommendation of Ayer's Pills a matter of religious duty. When people are bilious and dyspeptic, what they need is the Gospel of Health. In such cases, the best creed to swallow consists of the thirty sugar-coated articles in a pill-box.

Vick's Floral Guide.—This work is before us, and those who send 10 cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for it will be *disappointed*. Instead of getting a cheap thing, as the price would seem to indicate, they will receive a very handsome work of 112 pages, and perhaps 500 illustrations—not cheap, but elegant illustrations, on the very best of calandered paper, and as a set off to the whole, a beautiful Colored Plate that is worth twice the price of the book.

—The convention of the Centre County Teachers Institute, at Bellefonte, last week seems to have been successful and satisfactory to all concerned. Our friend J. R. Vanormer and J. L. Lynn published a very spicy and readable daily during its continuance, called the *Teachers' Journal*, which contains a full and admirably written account of the doings of the convention as they transpired each day. This we think is a good arrangement and relieves the county papers of a considerable burden. For 25 cents teachers can have the entire five numbers of the Journal from the publishers.

VOLUME LV.

This number commences the fifty-fifth year of the *Journal*, and its predecessor, the old Berichter. Having on similar occasions given a full history of the paper from its beginnig we will not do so now, inasmuch as the present and future concern us more than the past.

While we have nothing special to boast of we certainly ought not to complain—at least not of our local patronage and support. Since the *Journal* appears as an English paper its circulation has increased considerably, and we have reason to know that it is constantly gaining new friends. Thanking those who have recently enrolled their names on our books as subscribers, as well as others who have promptly paid their subscriptions, we labor on hopefully, doing our utmost to make the *Journal* an interesting and useful local paper.

NOTICE.

Wishing to close all my book accounts, I have determined to sell for cash or produce only from and after March 1st, 1881.

I will give my customers the full advantage of a strictly

CASH SYSTEM.

Samuel Greninger.

—Read of F. McLaughtin & Co's card in another column, and if you want any cards printed give them a chance.

—Our band has received new music again, among which is a fine composition entitled "Home, sweet Home" with variations, and a very difficult overture from the Opera "Boccaccio." Go in boys, and work at it until you can play it in your usual perfect style.

—The musical convention at Rebersburg last week was a thorough success in all respects. The class of singers was large, 102 having attended through the week, and they made remarkable progress under the efficient direction of Prof. John A. Weaver, of Pine Grove. The programme of the closing concert on Saturday evening consisted of select performances and rare musical treats, which were executed in a manner creditable to the class and their teacher. All told it was a pleasant week for Rebersburg and will leave good impressions on the minds of all participants. We are prevented by lack of space to publish the large list of the attendants.

—On that cold, cold morning, last week, when mercury went down, down, until at last it made a firm stand at 24°, refusing to go one hair's breadth farther, our dear little friend, Wm. K. Alexander also went down, down, down, into the cold, cold water on Musser's dam—— —— ——! By some means or other, in some way or another, like "truth crushed to earth" he rose again and was rescued from a watery grave. When our reporter arrived on the ground he was already gone—to change clothing. We felt much relieved when we heard that William was all right again. But when he says that he "was'nt a bit cold" we greatly fear that he utterly ignores the story of Washington and his little hatchet.

Two Trains.—The freight business on our rail road has latterly increased so much that one train could no longer handle it all within schedule time and so it frequently happened that connection at Montandon was often missed. The company therefore did a good thing by putting on another train. The new train leaves Spring Mills in the morning at 6.30, Coburn at 6.58, and arrives at Montandon at 9.30, connecting with the train for Harrisburg. Returning, leaves Montandon at 2.20, Lewisburg at 2.35, arrives at Coburn at 5.02, and at Spring Mills at 5.30. This arrangement is a great convenience for our section and people, enabling people to go to Lewisburg and return the same day. We will publish the full time table next week.

Report of North Street School, for month ending Dec. 24th, 1880.

Attendance, males—38, females—31, total—69. Per cent. of attendance, males—80, females—78, total—79. Average attendance, males—29, females—24, total—53. No. of visits, 21; by directors, 3 by citizens 1. Addresses 2.

Some parents complain of the slow progress of their children. I say let them keep their children at home in the evening and require them to prepare their lessons and they will soon see a change for the better. Let all make a new and good start with the *new year*, and all will be amply rewarded for their labors.

M. I. Jamison,
Teacher.

—Report of Millheim Grammar School for the week ending Dec. 24th, 1880.

No. of pupils, males—25, females—21, total—46. No. attending, males—24, female—14, total—35. No. attending every day, males—9, females—4, total—13. No. tardy, males—17, females—11, total—28. Average attendance, males—17, females—10, total—27. Per cent. of attendance, males—71, females—71, total—71.

This week we have had no visitors, and the time seemed indeed long and slow in passing by. The attendance has been below the average of former weeks. The cause no doubt is many were obliged to stay at home and get ready for the holidays. Hope all will be ready to start in and attend regularly after the holiday season.

D. L. Zerby,
Teacher.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

Mr. Editor:

Thinking that some of your readers would probably like to hear something from this part of Kansas, I take the liberty of writing a few lines for your columns.

We had a severe drouth all summer and fall. The streams are very low and some of them dried up altogether, and as a consequence the wheat crop was almost a total failure. The average yield in this part of Lincoln county is hardly two bushels per acre, which does not pay the cost of cutting and threshing. Early corn was also a failure, especially on bottom lands. On the uplands it was some better. You must not judge the state of Kansas, however, by the condition of this county. In October I was on a visit to Mr. Uriah Spangler, in Harvey county, south-east from here. They had a good crop of corn and a fair crop of wheat. In passing through Rice, Harvey and McPherson counties, and seeing the stacks of hay and straw piled up, one would not have thought that they had any drouth at all. This is the most beautiful section of country I ever saw—almost a perfect level. Newton, the county seat of Harvey county, is a beautiful town of 2500 inhabitants. Mr. Kinney, formerly of Rebersburg, keeps a restaurant here, just opposite the depot. Returning home I passed through Lvons, county seat of Rice county. It is a beautiful little town, on a branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R.

In the western counties a great many people have left their settlements. A law was passed in their favor extending their claims 18 months longer. Some settlers in our county have also taken advantage of this law. Mr. John Smeltzer, formerly of Madisonburg, and Mr. Adam Stover of Spring Mills, have gone to Illinois. Others have returned to the east, "to his wife's folks," as our western papers put it. Mr. George Boon has also gone back to Sugar Valley.

Our schools are pretty generally opened now except some few who have no teachers yet. Our term is from 3 to 6 months. Wages range from $15 to $25 per month.

We had a protracted meeting (Evangelical Association) about 8 miles north-east from here. Bishop Dubs paid us a visit Nov. 11th.

My observation is that Lincoln is a very healthy county. Consumptives are very rare. More anon.

John W. Edgar.

ATTENTION!

Mr. Michael Lamey's gunsmith-shop, on Penn Street, Millheim is the place for the Finest Single and Double Barrel Guns, which will be sold at the lowest price. Also a full stock of ammunition for sale.

Repairing of any kind promptly and cheaply done.

A liberal patronage is respectfully requested. 4t

—The Holidays passed off rather quietly here. There were no public festivals in any of the churches in the neighborhood, excepting that the Evangelicals at Woodward and the Lutherans at Rebersburg, each had an entertainment for their Sunday schools. Many people made good use of the fine sleighing. Many more stayed "at home" to enjoy their turkeys, oysters, or whatever else they had. The historic "Christmas Tree" found a place in not a few families. The popular old buffer, Santa Claus, was as popular with the juvenile world as ever. Our toy, variety and fancy goods stores did a thriving business and innumerable presents were made. It was very generally a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and whoever did not in one way or another enjoy himself belongs to the class of exceptions.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.

Last Friday evening, Dec. 31st, Hon. J. C. C. Whaley, editor of the Clinton Democrat, and member of the legislature from Clinton county, died at his home in Lock Haven. Mr. Whaley was a man that was respected by all who knew him. He possessed positive convictions, was a good writer and had on irreproachable character. As editor of one of the ablest Democratic papers in the interrior of the state, he was widely and favorably known, and will be much missed in the editorial ranks as a fearless supporter of the principles of the party. In his social intercourse with his fellow men he was generous, kind and genial. Nature had given him the stamp of a true gentleman. His loss will be especially felt by the people of Clinton county, who always had placed so much confidence in him.

Mr. Whaley's death will necessitate a special election for member of the legislature.

In the whole History of Medicine

No preperation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long contained series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, physicians use the Cherry Pectoral extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

For Sale by all Dealers.

News Miscellany.

Taking the country through, wheat this year is about 10 cents per bushel lower than at the same date last year; corn about 2 cents per bushel higher; lard, $1.10 per 100 higher; pork, 2.50 per barrel higher for January delivery; for earlier delivery the price is not so high.

George Smith and Catherine Miller, convicted in Williamsport, Pa., of the murder of the latter's husband, and sentenced to be hanged on the 6th of January next, have been respited until the 3d of February. The Board of Pardons will be asked, at its next meeting, to commute their sentence.

A man living near Morganstown, Berks county, has his house exactly on the line of Berks, Lancaster and Chester counties, and he can lay his head down on his pillow in one county, kick his feet down under the covers into another county, and get up early in the morning and build the fires and put on the teakettle for his wife in still another county.

Land owners who desire to get rid of their stumps, may find something to their advantage in the following recommendation from the *Scientific American:* "In the autumn bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, vertically in the centre of the latter, and about eighteen inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre; fill the hole with water and plug it up close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour in about a half gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes."

SHOT AT THE SUPPER TABLE.

Steubenville, O., December 24.—A bloody tragedy took place last night at Ryan's boarding house. Dr. Henry, a young dentist, while intoxicated was using profane language at the table in the presence of ladies. Dr. Schooley, a young physician, rebuked him. Soon a fight began, when a farmer named Buckingham, who had a grudge against Schooley, interfered. Schooley drew a revolver and shot Buckingham in the right eye. Henry then seized a shovel and crushed Schooley's skull. Buckingham and Schooley were alive at the last report, but could not long survive.

Guilty of Murder in the First Degree.

Special to the Patriot.

Middleburg, Pa., December 23.—The argument of counsel in the case of Commonwealth vs. Jonathan Moyer, indicted for the murder of Mrs. Gretchen Kintzler, was concluded here today at 11 o'clock, a. m. The judge's charge consumed about one hour's time, after which the case was given to the jury. The jury was out until 3.30 p. m., when a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree" was rendered. The court house was crowded, and the verdict seemed to be satisfactory to the crowd, of people who awaited its announcement. Application was made by counsel for the prisoner for a new trial. This is the third conviction had for the murder of the old German woman, Mrs. Gretchen Kintzler—Ettinger having been convicted at the September term of court, and Erb at the present term.

MARRIED.

On the 28th ult., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. W. R. Wisand, Mr. Luther B. Frank, of Rebersburg and Miss Mary C. Wolf, daughter of John Wolf, of Miles township, Centre Co. Pa.

The happy couple have our hearty congratulations and best wishes.

DIED.

On the 27th ult., near Booneville, Clinton Co. Pa., Katie May, daughter of Simon P. Wolf, aged 7 years, 9 months and 6 days.

On the 10th ult., in Dakota, Stephenson Co. Illinois, Mrs. Mary A. Lowry, widow of Godfrey Lowry, and daughter of Hon. Jacob Kryder, late of Penn township, deceased, aged about 65 years.

Deceased had suffered much from a cancerous affection for some years before her death, but bore her affliction with true christian patience.

NOTICE.

Those of our readers desiring steady and profitable employment, or valuable reading matter cheap for 1881, should send 15 cents to the FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING CO., 15 Dey St. New York, for a complete set of their publications and Illustrated Catalogue, containing list of premiums, &c., or $1.50 for a complete agent's outfit of 12 beautiful chromos and our Premium Book of Valuable Information, containing over 500 pages, with sample copies of all our publications, &c.

An active agent wanted in every town—twenty to thirty dollars can be made weekly. Their Illustrated Publications with their new Premiums, take at sight.

Do not delay if you wish to secure your territory.

Address **Frank Leslie Publishing Co.,** 15 Dey St., New York.

Prepare for Snow!

James C. Condo
AT
PENN HALL, PA.,

has just completed a lot of very superior

SLEIGHS,

which he offers at moderate prices. He warrants them made of first class stock by skillful and experienced mechanics. Give him a call before you buy elsewhere. He will guarantee satisfaction in all respects. 47-3m

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Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No.	95
Wheat No. 2	85
Corn	45
Rye	65
Oats White	30
Oats, Black	28
Buckwheat	50
Flour	5 00
Bran & Shorts, per ton	17 00
Salt, per Brl	1.50
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	4.50
Butter	25
Hams	12
Sides	7
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	30
Potatoes	
Lard	5
Tallow	
Soap	5
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.50
Stove "	5.75
Chestnut "	5.30
Pea "	4.00

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER
DEALERS IN
Grain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt
MILLHEIM, PA

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-1y

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FALL AND WINTER OPENING!!

MRS. ANNA M. WEAVER

has just received her Fall and Winter stock of MILLINERY GOODS consisting of

French Bonnets, Round flats, French Flowers, Feathers, Ribbon and all kinds of FANCY GOODS.

DRESS MAKING
in all its Branches a
SPECIALITY.

She invites her many friends and customers to call at her place of business, in Penn Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the City,)
Cor. Main and Jay St.,
Lock Haven, Pa.,
S. WOODS CAL WELL, Proprietor

Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Traveler on first floor.

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upward is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine.

PENSIONS!

Bounty, Pay for Rations, New and Honorable Discharges, and Increased Pensions obtained.—New laws, higher rates of pension The slightest disability, from wound, injury or disease of any kind entitles you to a pension Widows and heirs, fathers and mothers are now entitled.

Land cases promptly settled. Patents obtained. All kinds of government claims prosecuted Write at once for new laws, blanks and instructions, with two stamps. Address,
J. W. Flenner & Co.,
Lock Box 314, Washington, D. C.

$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that any one can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who's willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine

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PENSIONS.

EVERY SOLDIER disabled in line of duty by wound, disease, or injury, is entitled to pension.

PENSIONS INCREASED.—Many are drawing less than entitled to.—Thousands of Heirs entitled to Pension and Bounty. REJECTED CASES re-opened.

ABANDONED CASES finished.—Copies of Lost Discharges obtained.—Claims of every description prosecuted.—Patents Procured.

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36-6m Box 592. Washington, D. C

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and how to obtain them. Pamphlet free, upon receipt of Stamp for postage. Address—
GILMORE, SMITH & CO.
Solicitors of Patents,
Near Patent Office, Washington, D. C

FREE SAMPLES of two of the best articles ever sold by agents to every one who answers this within sixty days.
American Manuf'g Co.,
City Mills, Massachusetts.
25-3m

Bee Hive!

1880 FALL 1880.

This mammoth Dry Goods House is now opening its

SECOND IMMENSE STOCK
of
DRY GOODS,

For the Fall Trade of 1880.

Which in quality style and cheapness exceeds any former stock ever shown at the Bee Hive or any other store in this section of the State.

20,000 Yards of Dress Goods comprising almost every conceivable style and class.
Splendid all wool Black Cashmere only 35 cents a yard.
500 yards all wool Mourie Cloth at 35 cents, worth 50.
1000 yards Twilled Cashmeres only 12 1-2 cents, worth 18 cents.
The largest stock of Black Silks, Colored Silks, Silk Velvets, and Fancy Trimming Goods ever shown in any store this side of Philadelphia.
25,000 yards of Calicoes and Muslins which we sell cheapor than any store will sell them.
2000 yards good dark Calico at 4 cents a yard.
1500 yards good yard wide, muslin, heavy, at 6 1-4 cents.
2000 yards best Brown Muslin made at 8 cents a yard.
1500 yards good Canton Flannel at 7 cents a yard.
2000 yards Bleached Muslin, cheaper than it has been sold for years.
Wonderful Bargains in Table Linens, Towels and Napkins. An immense stock.
The Largest stock of Hosiery and Gloves ever shown in this city.
300 pairs Misses' Hose at 25 cents which would be cheap at 50 cents.
An immense stock of Embroideries, Laces, Kid Gloves, Lisle Thread Gloves, Ribbons, &c.
100 Ladies' Coats and Dolmans, entirely new design; beautiful good and wonderfully cheap.
Blankets and Flannels; an immense stock at less than prices of one year ago.
Carpets and Oilcloths.

Have received an entire new stock of these goods which we are offering very cheap. A good and handsome Ingrain carpet for 25 cents a yard. Great bargains in Ready-made Rugs and Cotton Batts.

The reliability of the goods and the manner of our doing business at the Bee Hive have become so well established that our trade has wonderfully increased in 1880, and has grown to be immense, which has stimulated us to buy a larger stock this fall than ever before in the history of this popular Dry Goods House, besides having taken special pains in selecting some of the choicest and most fashionable goods to be found in the Eastern Markets, so as to supply all the wants of our constantly growing trade.

Remember the place:
The Great Bee Hive Dry goods House!
65 MAIN ST., LOCK HAVEN, PA.
J. J. EVERETT,
Proprietor.

Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.

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Riding at West Point.

So far as the visitors are concerned the exhibition drills are naturally of more interest than the examination of the "poor fellows," who are dragged one by one before the Professors and Board of Examiners, in order that a test may be made of the thoroughness of last year's instruction. One of the most exact of these drills took place one morning at the riding academy, and was watched with great interest by the board of visitors, young ladies, and officers. The riding hall is a large barn-like structure, with two little galleries from which the riding can be seen. The ground is covered with sawdust, and the scene as thirty-one of the first-class men went galloping about under the command of Captain Godfrey was a "perfect circus." After mounting their horses the cadets rode round in single file and practiced a great variety of saber thrusts and strokes at imaginary foes. The riding was good, and the slashing was vigorous and skillful. Then two long frames from which iron rings were suspended, were placed on opposite sides of the hall, and near the corners, upon some racks of a suitable height, were placed some leather heads, which the riders hacked most viciously as they went galloping around. On the ground were a couple more balls. Then the cadets went dashing around by twos and threes in opposite direction, trying to pierce the rings with their sabers, then to draw their pistols and blow off the unoffending wooden man's head, and finally to give the poor ball on the ground a slashing thrust. The sport was most exciting, and as the heavy horse pistols were fired off in rapid succession, the "dear creatures" in the galleries stopped up their ears and trembled in fright. Some of the riders were very quick and would succeed in going through all the maneuvers in rapid succession. The same exercises were then repeated after two well padded hurdles had been put up. Some of the balky horses caused considerable amusement.

After the saddles had been taken off the horses the second part of the programme was begun. At first one half the men walked beside the other half who were mounted. Suddenly the horses broke into a gallop, and the order to mount was given. Immediately each horse had two riders. This practice of leaping on and off a bareback horse was continued for some time, to the delight of the audience. Then the hurdles were brought in again, and the excitement increased. Each cadet had his horse, and as he came to the hurdle would leap off jump the hurdle, clinging all the time to the horse's mane, and then leap on his back again. Many of the cadets did this very gracefully, and showed great pluck and skill in clinging to their rather wild chargers. Sometimes the horses would refuse to jump, and great confusion would follow. The "ring masters" as they were facetiously called, stood with big whips in hand, so as to remind the balky horse of the danger of stopping.

The cadets then varied the exercise by jumping off their horses while at full speed, and then leaped clear over their backs, and then on their backs again. The exercise was, of course, very violent, and the young ladies bestowed many expressions of sympathy on the "poor boys." There were some narrow escapes from accidents, and many laughable scenes. As a rule however, the riding was excellent, and showed that the cadets were thorough masters of horsemanship. Many expressions of admiration were heard, and there was considerable applause at the exceptionally daring feats. A graduate of West Point is necessarily a skillful rider, beause of his thorough training, and becomes inured to the hardships he may encounter in his future career in the army.

Unsinkable Ships.

A party of gentlemen interested in steam navigation lately met at North Woolwich to inspect a steam launch built on James Long's unsinkable system. The principle consists in attaching to the sides of the hull of a vessel a series of flat air-tight metallic cylinders or drums, the inner heads of which are built into and form part of the framing and inner skin of the vessel. These drums project on either side of the ship and are cased in, the under sides of the casings normally resting upon the surface of the water and becoming immersed under a load. The result is a light draught with great freeboard, and it is claimed that a great stability under canvas and a higher rate of speed under steam or sail are thereby attained, besides the advantages of greater cargo capacity, economy in construction, and, above all, unsinkableness, however damaged by collision or otherwise. The launch in question, which is only experimental is steel built, 37 feet in length, 6 feet in depth, and 5 feet 8 inches beam internally. She has seven cylinders fitted on each side, each cylinder being 3 feet 6 inches in diameter and 1 foot 8 inches deep, and which give her a width on deck of 9 feet over all. She draws 2 feet of water without her load, and has a freeboard of 4 feet. A short run was made with the vessel, a fair rate of speed being attained, while its unsinkable character and other points were demonstrated by Mr. Long by means of a model vessel.

Electricity from River Currents.

An inventer proposes to utilize the swift current of rivers by systems of anchored floats carrying current wheels connected with electro-dynamo machines. The electricity thus generated might be conveyed to factories on the shores and set to work by means of electro-motors; or it might be used for lighting towns, or even for running trains on railways.

CREAM DRESSING.—Take a large tablespoonful of sweet cream and whip to a stiff froth; add two tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, and nearly a half cup of vinegar; beat and use for cabbage dressing.

AGRICULTURE.

HINTS ABOUT HEN-KEEPING.—To prevent hens from scratching their nests, make the nest of sawdust. Do not have the boxes too large—only long enough for two nests, with a partition. Place a little hay on the sawdust until the hens get accustomed to it; also sulphur to prevent vermin. Lime rock, partially burnt in the stove or "brush heap," is a good substitute for bone, oyster shells or earthenware. Quartz rock will answer in place of gravel. Cider vinegar in their feed—half a pint more or less, to a pailful—is highly relished by hens, and I think conduces to their health. They seem to need acid, and what they have vinegar are not apt to meddle with tomatoes. Chicken seem to do the best hatched in May or September. We let the hens have free access to corn at all times. When they are confined, we feed it in the ear, broken in pieces, with plenty of oats. A mow of well-cured ferns or hay, where they can scratch and eat, will give exercise; and the refuse makes good bedding for the stable. In the morning we mix wheat shorts with hot milk, then add the vinegar, and about two parts of meal to one of shorts—in all as much as they will eat in the course of the day. Give milk for drink in freezing weather two or three times a day, hot, in their feed dishes. We feed no meat scraps or pepper, unless for medicine. Feed chickens the same as the hens; but the corn must be ground, coarse as possible. Give them also sour-milk curd. We seldom have a "drooping" chick, Close the coops at night, and open when the weather is favorable. Hens can be made to produce twice as much by regular feeding with a greater variety of feed, care, etc. Diseased feet should be dipped in a mixture of equal parts pine tar, kerosene oil and some other oil, as warm as they will bear it. Kerosene oil will cure most cases of roup, colds, etc. Half a teaspoonful is a large dose. The past year we gathered about 1200 dozens of eggs and raised towards a hundred chickens from 140 hens. It takes about the value of half a bushel of grain per day—profits not far from $1 per head.

HOW CALIFORNIA FIELDS ARE PLOWED.—The fields are plowed with what they call gang plows, which are simply four, six or eight plow shares, fastened to a stout frame of wood. In the lighter soil, eight horses draw a seven gang plow, and one such team is counted on to put in 640 acres of wheat in the sowing season, or from eight to ten acres per day. Captain Grey, near Mercer, has put in one season 4,000 acres and his own teams. A seed sower is fastened in front of the plow. The plow has no handles, and the plowman is, in fact, only the driver; he guides the team; the plows do their own work. It is easy work, and a smart boy, if his legs are equal to the walk, is as good a plowman as anybody—for the team turns the corners and the plow is not handled at all. On the heavier soil the process is somewhat different. An eight horse team moves a four gang plow, and gets over about six acres per day. The seed is then sown by a machine which scatters it forty feet, and sows from seventy-five to one hundred acres in a day, and the ground is then harrowed and cross-harrowed.

FLOURING WHEAT.—Farmers who do not purchase their family flour will find it to be a very good plan to get their year's grist floured at one time. This has been my practice for several years, and I could not be induced to go back to the old way. There is a saving of several days' time in going to mill, a better grade of flour is made, and then the flour improves with age if properly kept. I generally wait until about the first of November, and then go to mill and put in the day, seeing the grist ground and sacking the flour, myself. Have your miller make an extra good grade of "middlings" for you, and sack that also. It will make an excellent addition to your buckwheat cakes next winter, and come handy about the house in various ways. The flour should be put in paper sacks, and corded up in some cool, dry place out of the way of rats and mice. If you have a good miller, try my plan: otherwise, buy your flour.

A LAND ROLLER.—One of the best economical field rollers is obtained by buying sections of old steam boilers which can easily be fitted with skeleton heads, and can be bought cheap and answer the purpose. My experience in rolling wheat on certain soils containing clay is as follows, where fall rolling causes the formation of scale that eventually kills the wheat: On sandy or light soils fall rolling is generally advisable. A roller is a dangerous tool in inexperienced hands. We give the following rules: Roll soil that you wish to compact, but if not, let it alone; never roll in wet weather. Clay soil may be rolled in the spring out not in the fall.

A MIXTURE of one-third clover hay with timothy and redtop is recommended for any kind of stock. This mixture, it is said, will produce more milk, more growth and more fat in stock than clean timothy and redtop,

EVERY dairyman should bear this in mind that poor butter or cheese is always the first to feel the effects of a dull market. The best products are always inquired for, even on the poorest markets.

Harrowing is the best way of cultivating small corn, because the teeth go right through to admit the air and to enable the soil to absorb moistore from the air for the benefit of the rootlets of the corn.

HOP YEAST.—Three large potatoes, one handful of hops; put in a small bag; put the potatoes and hops into two quarts of water and boil down to one quart; take out the bag of hops and potatoes; mash the potatoes fine and throw back into the boiling water, stir flour into this while hot until it is quite stiff; let it stand until it is nearly cold, then add half a cupful of yeast half a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger; set in a warm place to rise; when light, put in a covered jar and put in a cool place.

IRONING OUT SUNSHINE.—There is another side to the ironing question—the sanitary one. When garments are brought from the clothes yard they are fresh, pure and fragrant, filled with sunlight and magnetism which the ironing process dissipates; thus is this most valuable health-giving element lost to the wearer. Nurses are learning the value of vitalized clothing for the sick, and one who understands her business will remove the heated, fever-charged bed clothing as often as the patient is moved, substituting fresh sheets directly from the sunlight.

A PROFANE pastor says the telephone is a hello of an affair.

THE language of flowers—Anthologic for "My dear Jim." Jas. mine.

DOMESTIC.

ALLEGED CURES FOR NEURALGIA.—"The only permanent cure for neuralgia is to improve and confirm the general health by proper diet and exercise. Oxygen is as important an element as proper food. When a person suffers from neuralgia, the blood is in a low vital or vitiated condition, and needs oxygenizing. Persons subject to neuralgia can often tell by their feelings in the morning whether they will suffer during the day. Let such a person take a morning walk of a mile and back, walking rapidly, and he will, generally, go through that day without pain. The reason is he has vitalized the blood by absorbing a large supply of oxygen. To render this relief more permanent, it should be attended and followed up by proper diet. As an immediate temporary relief there is nothing so sure as the inhalation of a dose of laughing gas. This produces a profound impression on the nervous system, and affords instant relief, which may last for days and weeks. An Albany physician found upon investigation that much neuralgia of the face arose from malposition of the eyes, by which the nerves of the eyes were strained and neuralgia produced and communicated to other sympathizing nerves. His cure for the disease, said to be uniformly successful, was simply a pair of glasses with their lenses adjusted to the badly placed eyes. Another person writes of cures effected by Turkish baths. Another was cured by the fluid extract of yellow jasmine, five to ten drop doses, in a little water. The relief is almost instantaneous. And still another gives this prescription: Take three drachms of hydrate of potassa, and mix with one pint of Holland gin; dose, a dessert-spoonful three times a day when severely attacked, or a spoonful when needed; stop taking when the pain ceases.

CHOW-CHOW.—Two heads of cabbage cut fine; one-half peck green tomatoes; one half peck onions; five dozen cucumbers, slice the large ones; three quarters of a pint of small red and green peppers; sprinkle with one pint of salt, and drain all night; pour off all the juice and add one ounce pepper-grain; one ounce white mustard seed; one ounce celery-seed; one ounce turmeric; one ounce cloves; three tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, two pounds brown sugar; enough horse radish, grated fine, to make a pint. Cover all with strong vinegar and boil 30 minutes. In laying the pickles put a layer of pickles and a layer of spices. Half the above quantity will make plenty for a family of three or four.

OATMEAL.—Give the children oatmeal at least once a day. It is genuine bone and muscle food, and they must thrive. Could our girls make the morning and night meals on real nourishment, not pastry, take more to nourish the brain and nerves, we should have less of the neuralgia among our women. Indeed, this oatmeal mush would afford ample food for the last meal, which should ordinarily be the lightest, simple and easy of digestion, securing good sleep, while it may well form a part of the morning meal. Its extensive use would do much to promote health among us.

WOOLEN flannel is, beyond question the best material for clothing next to the skin. The worst is linen. Next to linen is silk. This is especially true of the fall and winter months. The objection to linen and silk is, that, in case of actual perspiration, the material gets damp, clammy and cold, which is not the case with woolen. After wool cotton is best. A muslin under-garment, if worn next to the skin, is always healthier than a linen, or silk one.

OIGNONS GLACES.—Trim some small onions, such as are used for pickling, put them into a well-buttered saucepan, and sprinkle them freely with powdered loaf sugar; shake the pan gently, and as soon as they begin to color moisten with a little stock, add salt, and let them stew gently till well colored. The pan must be shaken now and then, but carefully, lest the onions break.

BEANS WITHOUT PORK.—Soak the beans over night. In the morning put them on to boil in cold water, having first strained them. When boiled tender, skim them out into your baking dish; stir in butter the size of an egg, a little salt and a tablespoonful of molasses. Then turn a cupful of rich milk over them, or enough to cover them. Cooked in this way the top beans will be nicely browned, and at the same time be soft. This is a good recipe, and beans cooked in this way are excellent.

IRON RUST STAINS.—Squeeze lemon juice into a cup, add a pinch of salt, and rub the stain in this. Then wash in clear, tepid water. Sponge goods that cannot be rubbed. Lately I saw a black cashmere dress badly stained with yellow spots of iron rust, on the black silk trimming as well as upon the cashmere. The color was entirely restored by sponging with lemon juice and salt. [With some blacks the matter would be made worse. A piece of the material having iron rust should be tried first.]

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Make a boiled custard with one quart of milk, the yolks of six eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one cup of grated vanilla chocolate. Boil until thick enough, stirring all the time. When nearly cold flavor with vanilla. Pour into cups, and put the whites of eggs beaten with some powdered sugar on the top.

FAVORITE MEAT PIE.—Take cold roast beef, or roast meat of any kind, slice it thin, cut it rather small, and lay it wet with gravy, and sufficiently peppered and salted, in meat pie dish. If liked, a small onion may be chopped fine and sprinkled over it. Over the meat pour a cup of stewed tomatoes, a little more pepper, and a thick layer of mashed potatoes. Bake slowly in a moderate oven till the top is a little brown.

BEEF SALAD.—Cut in very thin small slices and put on a dish with chopped parsley; mix in a bowl some vinegar and sweet oil—one part vinegar to two of oil, pepper, salt and mustard; beat together and pour over the meat.

BROWN-TOP PUDDING.—Take slices of any kind of rich cake without fruit, make a custard of four eggs, one quart of milk, sugar, and flavor to taste; pour over the cake, which will rise to the top; bake like custard.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Scald together one quart of milk and three ounces of grated chocolate, and set aside to cool; then add nearly a cup of sugar, and yolks of five eggs; bake, and when done, spread whites on top, beaten stiff with sugar, and brown.

HUMOROUS.

AN intelligent Chinese merchant in this country says: "There is no such thing as courting among young people in China. The bride and bridegroom never see each other until they are to become man and wife. Their courting is all done by their parents." That more young heathen don't emigrate to the home of the free and land of the brave is a marvel. It is better to be a parent than a lover in China. How in the world do the young people kill time on Sunday night? American lovers cannot be too thankful that they were not born in China.

A STORY is told of one of the respectable farmers of Georgia, who never took a newspaper in his life, and with whom the agent of the Telegraph Company staid all night, and to whom he explained for an hour or more the whole operation of the mysterious wires. When he had concluded, much to his own satisfaction, in enlightening his host on the subject, he was met with the query from the farmer, "How many bales of cotton will it carry to market?" "About forty," was the answer of the discomfited superintendent, as he retired from the premises.

A PITTSBURG man smuggled a set of false teeth into a parlor where a lot of ladies were collected, and, pretending to find it on the floor, he asked who owned it, and every woman present had a different way of twisting her lips to show her own teeth when she spoke to say it was not hers.

"THIS is the healthiest place in America," said the landlord of a Niagara hotel to the tourist. "Nobody ever dies here." "No," said the traveler, in the tone of a man who was thoroughly convinced of it. "No I reckon not. Nobody would stay here long enough to die."

FARMER GILES: "Be it trew what I hear, sir, about the Squire a sendin' you to college, sir?" Young Squire: "Yes, Giles, I'm going to Oxford to read hard." Farmer Giles: "Dear, dear sir! Just as you was himprovin' in your shooting and getting on so well with your riding; I call it reg'lar spilin' a good eddication."

THE story is told of a young man who went to the Black Hills to seek his fortune, and wrote back to his father that he had done well, but added: "I will be home on Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark just out of town and bring a blanket or whole pair of trousers with you. I have a hat."

"Two sisters at Glasgow got mad at a plumber and threw him out of the fifth story window." But he got even with the sisters. He charged them double time from the minute he left the window until he struck the side walk.

AN Irish Bull. The following dialogue actually occured anent the recent open winter; Pat—"Moike, did iver ye see a winter loike this wan?" Mike—"Indade I did." Pat—"Whin?" Mike—"Lasht summer, shure, and begone to ye!"

APPEARANCES are deceiving. We know of girls that look as angelic, delicate, and moderate as a dewdrop on a rosebud, who, when they get sweetly settled in the arms of Morphens, will snore with an energy that will shake the button on the outside cellar-door.

BERTIE had half a biscuit buttered, and a whole one unbuttered. He gave Gracie the whole one and kept the buttered. A remark being made about his giving away the larger piece, Gracie said: "Yes, he gave me the biggerest, and kept the butterest."

A BOSTON firm advertises: "Wedding shirts, with collars and cuffs attached." It is well. Some extra inducement must be offered the young men of Boston to make them commit matrimony—with Boston girls.

A SIAMESE nobleman has just been beheaded for marrying an English girl. When American girls are beheaded for marrying English noblemen, there will be fewer unhappy women in the country.

"ZEPHANIAH," said his wife, with a chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

THE sick man had been brought back as if by a miracle from the very gates of death. "It's too bad, too bad," said the clergyman; "he'll never be half as ready to die as I had him this time. I never took such pains with a sinner before.

SCHOOLBOY with a big apple. Another boy without any: "O Bill! give us a bite, won't ye?" "No, I won't." —"Well, then, give me the core." "H'm! h'm! I tell you there ain't going to be any core."

A YOUNG man went into a restaurant the other day, and, remarking that "Time is money," he added that, as he had a half hour to spare, if the proprietor was willing, he'd take it out in pie.

AN Ohio paper says that a girl in that State "sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him to be such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

THE Elmira Free Press man loves to look upon a bicycle when some other person rides it, which is probably the same view that he takes of the gallows.

SOME time since a prayer meeting in Binghampton was struck by lightning, and people will safer now as the electric fluid like death does not strike twice in the same place.

THE Brooklyn Eagle calls Miss Anthony "Sam, old girl," and we want to know if this familiarity is induced by hobnobbing at the bars.

ONE of the comical sights of leap year will be a girl whispering a tale of love into the ear of a deaf man.

ONE of the problems which puzzle a musician, is how to strike a bee flat without getting stung by its demisemiquaver.

MIGHT not the act of extinguishing a fire in a book store, although no joke, be called a play upon words?

THE fireplace is a grate thing, but an old oyster can punched full of fine holes is a grater.

WHY is it that the circus elephant never kills the clown or the lemonade man?

THE postmaster sometimes stamps his feet.

John Randolph.

While in the United States Senate, from Virginia John Randolph attracted the most attention on the part of strangers. He was at least six feet in height, with long limbs and an ill-proportioned body and a small round head. Claiming descent from Pocahontas, he wore his coarse black hair long, parted in the middle, and combed down on either side of his sallow face. His small black eyes were expressive in their rapid glances, especially when he was engaged in debate, and his high-toned and thin voice would ring through the Senate chamber like the shrill scream of an angry vixen. He wore a full suit of heavy drab-colored English broadcloth, the light rolling collar of his surtout coat almost concealing his head, while the skirts hung in voluminous folds about his knee-breeches and the white leather tops of his boots. He used to enter the Senate chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy ridingwhip, and followed by his favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long index finger of his right hand at his opponent, as he hurled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes, while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim, in a low tone, "Tims, more porter!" and the assistant door-keeper would hand him a foaming tumbler of Whitebread's potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon. He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a Senator to order, the irate Virginian pronounced President Adams "a traitor," Daniel Webster "a vile slanderer," John Holmes "a dangerous fool," and Edward Livingstone "the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs." One day, while he was speaking with great freedom of abuse of Mr. Webster, then a member of the House, a Senator informed him in an undertone that Mrs. Webster was in the gallery. He had not the delicacy to desist, however, until he had fully emptied the vials of his wrath. Then he set upon Mr. Speaker Taylor, and after abusing him soundly, he turned sarcastically to the gentleman who had informed him of Mrs. Webster's presence, and asked, "Is Mrs. Taylor present also.

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religous, are having a large sale, and supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation,—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

The Science of Walking.—By means of an ingenious clock-work apparatus, Marey, the French biologist, has obtained a number of exceedingly interesting graphic illustrations of the manner in which man walks. The instrument is a vertical barrel, covered with finely ruled paper, and as the barrel is made to revolve by the gearing within it, a little pencil makes a mark on the paper, as the person whose walk is under investigation steps along with the registering device. A little air-compresser, worked by the foot of the walker at each step, sends a current of air through a flexible pipe to the instrument, and gives a more or less up-and-down movement to the pencil. It has been found that the step in going up hill is longer than in going down hill; that the step is longer for an unburdened man than for a burdened one, and that the step is longer when the sole of the boot is thick and prolonged beyond the toe than when it is short and flexible. When a person ascends a hill he quickens his pace, but diminishes its length, and he does just exactly the opposite when descending an inclination on the ground. It would seem that Marey's observations points to the advisability of pedestrians in general adopting low-heelod boots, with thick projecting soles.

SCROFULOUS HUMORS.—The VEGETINE has cured many cases of Scrofula of five, ten and twenty years' standing, where the patient has had many physicans, tried many of the known remedies; and, after trying the VEGETINE, the common remark is, "It acts differently, works differently, from any medicine I have ever taken." VEGETINE will cleanse scrofula from the system. Try it.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glasscutter. By accident a few drops of aquafortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid and then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

If every one of our readers would try Dobbins' Electric Soap (Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) they would, like us, become firm believers in its wonderful merit. Have your grocer order it.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

"And in the happy aftertime,
When comes a change of scene,
With a little dear our hearts to cheer,
We'll call it CARBOLINE,"

"AFTER all," said the baker, when he walked home from an astronomical lecture, "after all, the world is only a big turnover."

IN marching on the corn-fields the strategy of the army-worm sharpshooters is first to pick off the kernels.

War kills its thousands, but a Cough its tens of thousands; Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup however, always kills a Cough. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

WHY suffer longer the torments of dyspepsia? Why bear such distress from Constipation, Dull Headache and Piles? Why allow the blood poisoned by Inactive Kidneys? Take Simmons' Liver Regulator, and rejoice in health. Take it and you will add one more to the thousands it has cured.

"I certify that I have been afflicted for many years with Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache and Affections of the Kidneys caused by a Torpid Liver. I have had a great many remedies and physicians' prescriptions without success—my health failing me all the time. I was induced to try Simmon's Liver Regulator, and have had more real good health since than for years before. The Regulator relieves it at once and is more satisfactory in its effects than anything of the kind I have ever tried. I have also used it with good success in my family to ward off Bilious attacks.

"JOS. C. WHEELER,
Cumberland Presbyterian Minister,
Lebanon, Mo."

WHEN a bashful Hamburg lover begins to hitch his chair a little nearer the idol of his affections, can it be properly called "Hamburg edging?"

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, bilious and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Argus.*

WHEN are stockings like dead men? When they are men-ded, or, perhaps, when their soles are departed; or, again, when they are all in holes.

What Ails You?

Is it a disordered liver giving you a yellow skin or costive bowels; or do your kidneys refuse to perform their functions? If so, take a few doses of Kidney-Wort and nature will restore each organ ready for duty.—STAR.

VEGETINE.

DR. CALLIER SURPRISED.

Vegetine Cured His Daughter!

CALLIERSVILLE, Chilton Co., Ala., May 15, 1878.

DEAR SIR.—My daughter has been afflicted with nasal catarrh, affection of the bladder and kidneys, and is of scrofulous diathesis, and, after having exhausted my skill and the most eminent physicians of Selma I at last resorted to the use of your Vegetine (without confidence) and, to my great surprise, my daughter has been restored to health. I write this as a simple act of justice, and not as an advertising medium.

Respectfully, T. E. CALLIER, M. D.

VEGETINE

Worked Like a Charm—Cured Salt Rheum and Erysipelas.

75 COURT ST., ROME, N. Y., July 10, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir.—One year ago last fall my little boy had a breaking out of Erysipelas and Salt rheum, his face being one mattered sore, of the worst description. Noticing your advertisement in the papers, I purchased two bottles of the Vegetine, and with the two bottles my son was cured. I never saw anything like the Vegetine; it worked like a charm. I have been 15 y watchman at Rome for years. This testimonial is gratuitous. Yours, respectfully,

HORATIO GRINDLEY.

VEGETINE.

Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous Face.

WESTMINSTER, Conn., June 19, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir.—I can testify to the good effect of your medicine. My little boy had a Scrofula sore break out on his head as large as a quarter of a dollar, and it went down his face from one ear to the other, under his neck, and was one solid mass of sores. Two bottles of your valuable Vegetine completely cured him.

Very respectfully,

MRS. G. R. THATCHER.

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PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass

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HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

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THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN COLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. **Take no other.**

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

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The Liver, The Bowels and The Kidneys

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KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

Biliousness, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints and Diseases, Weaknesses and Nervous Disorders.

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

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Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.

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